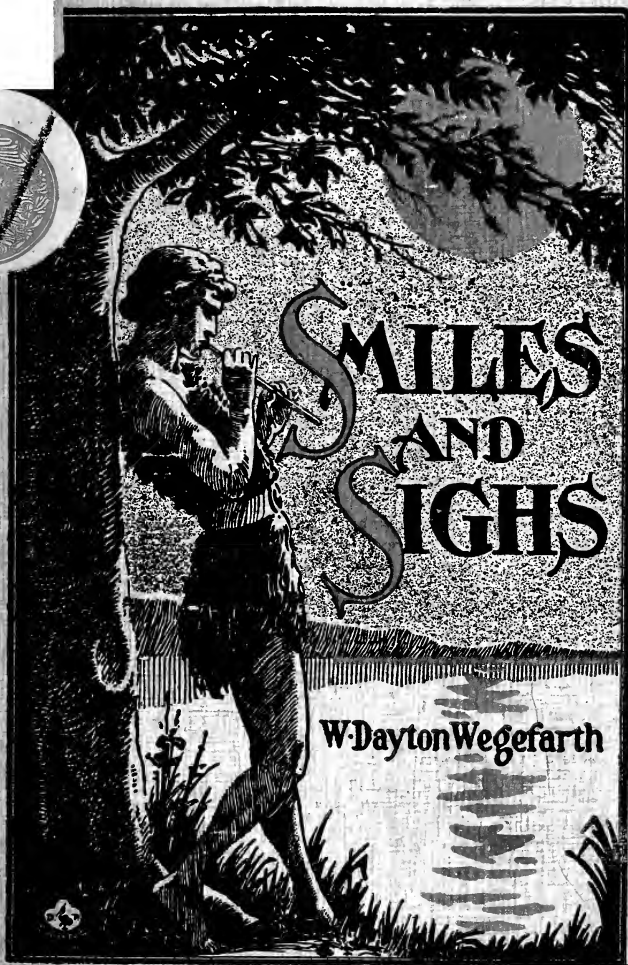


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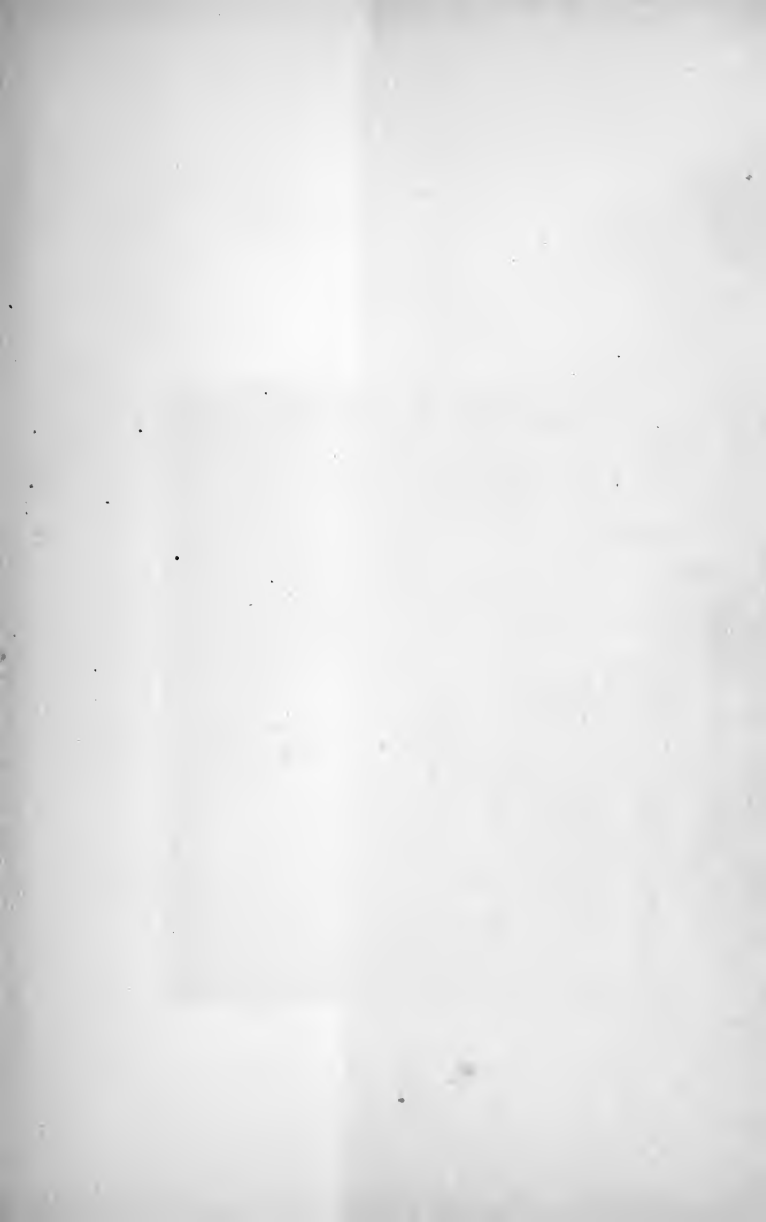


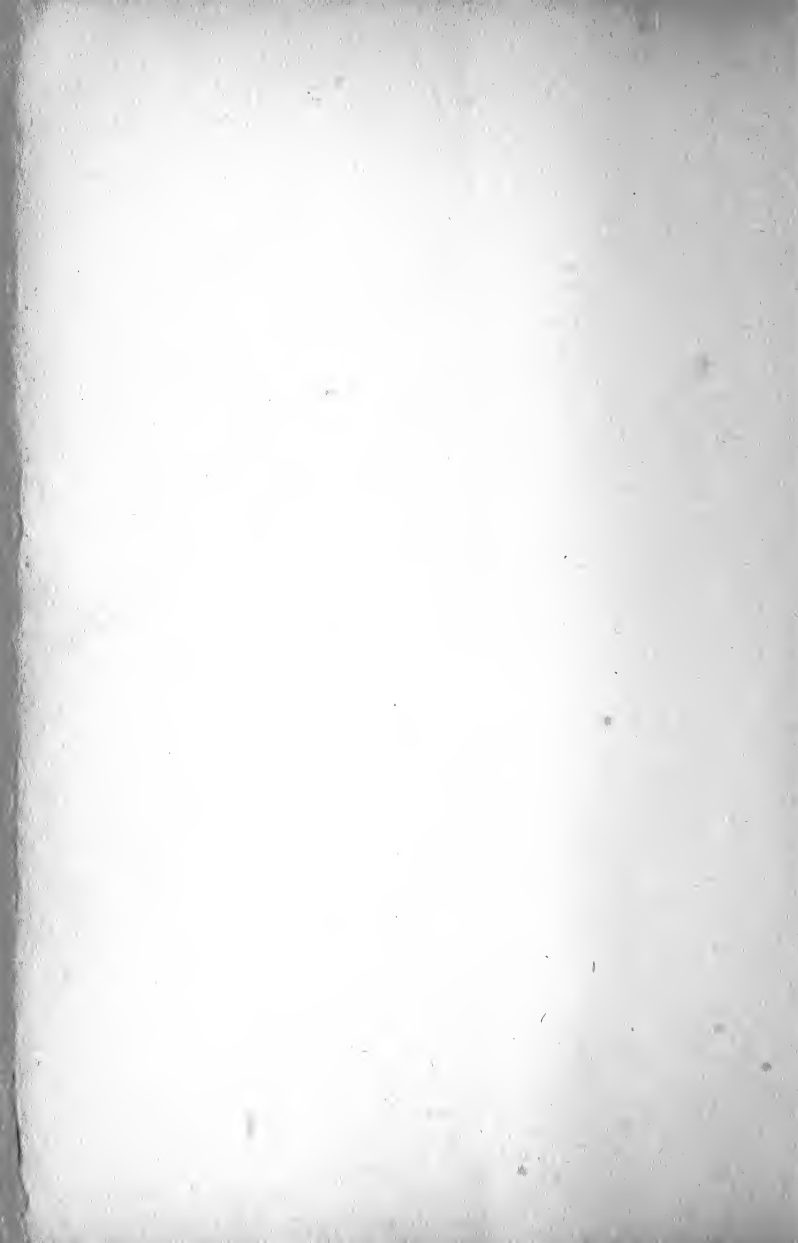
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SMILES AND SIGHS

W·DAYTON WEGEFARTH

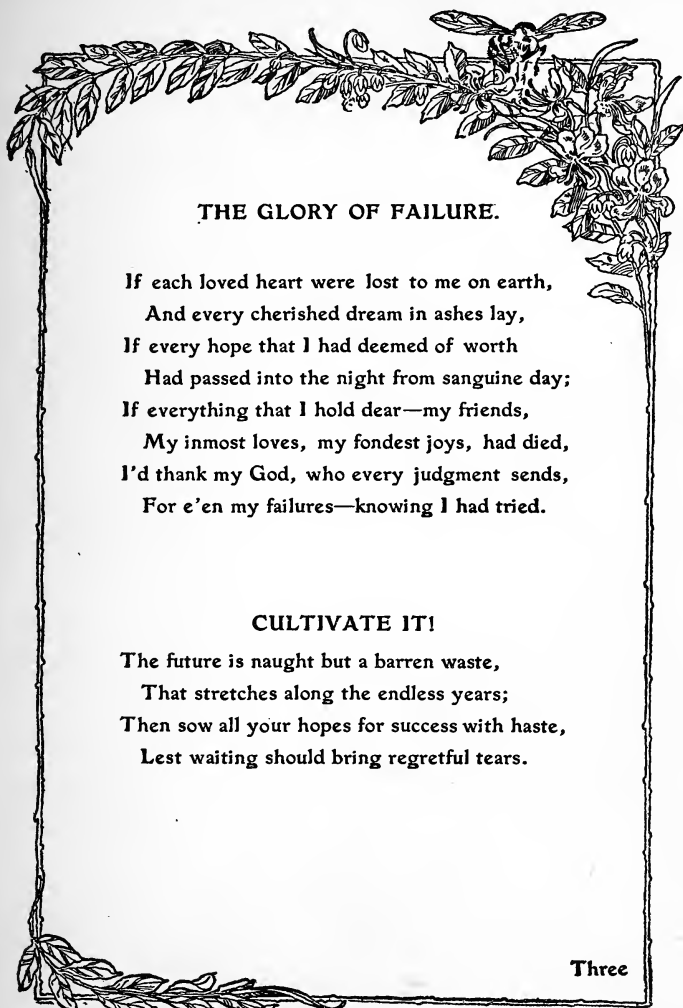
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CHICAGO

Donn F. Crane

I lovingly dedicate this collection
of my earliest verses to
MY MOTHER.

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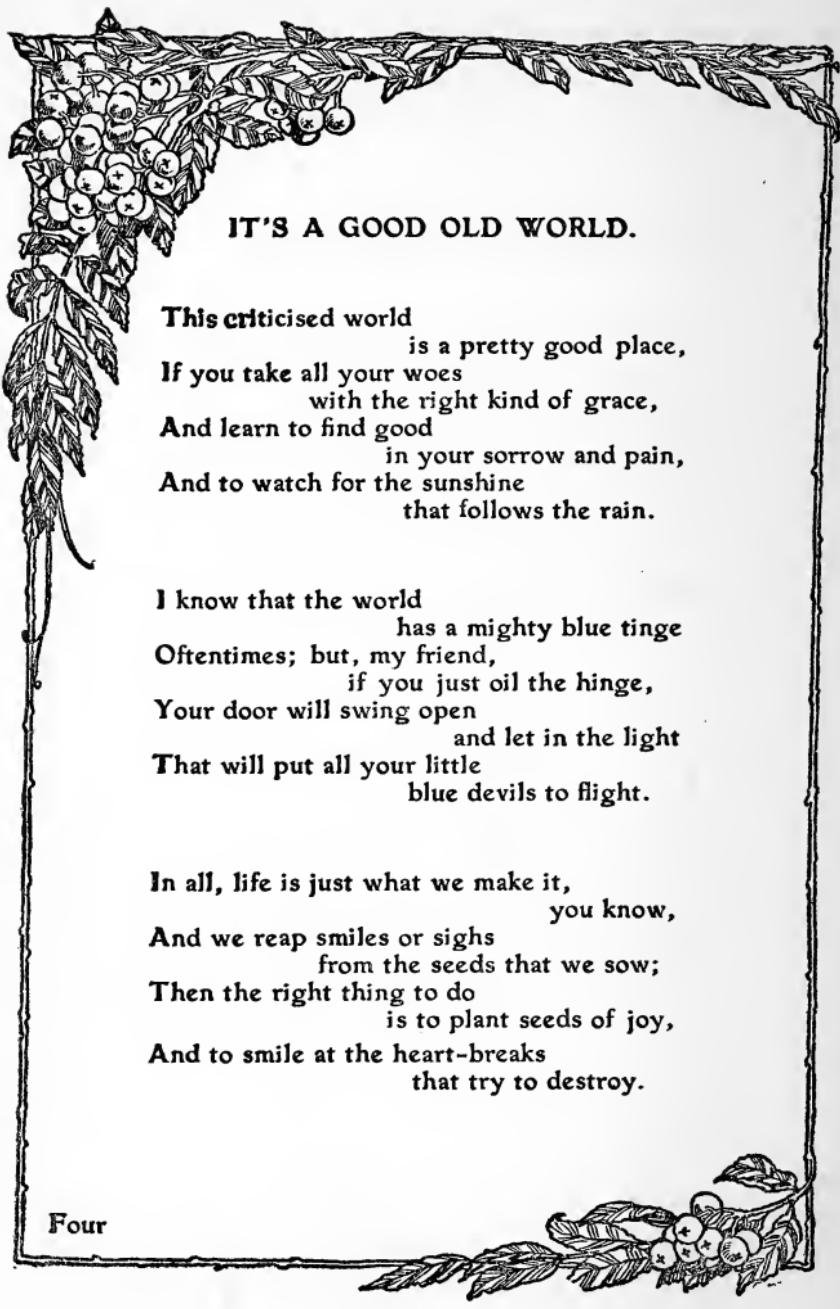


THE GLORY OF FAILURE.

If each loved heart were lost to me on earth,
And every cherished dream in ashes lay,
If every hope that I had deemed of worth
Had passed into the night from sanguine day;
If everything that I hold dear—my friends,
My inmost loves, my fondest joys, had died,
I'd thank my God, who every judgment sends,
For e'en my failures—knowing I had tried.

CULTIVATE IT!

The future is naught but a barren waste,
That stretches along the endless years;
Then sow all your hopes for success with haste,
Lest waiting should bring regretful tears.

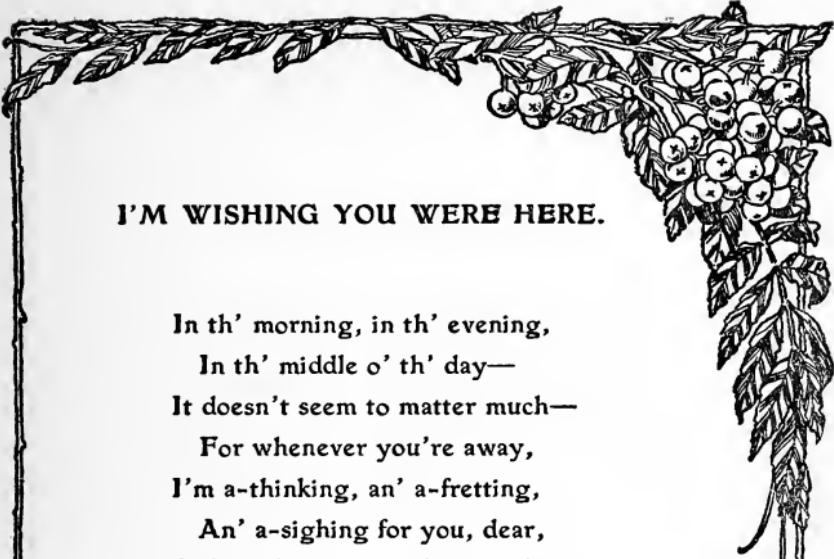


IT'S A GOOD OLD WORLD.

This criticised world
 is a pretty good place,
If you take all your woes
 with the right kind of grace,
And learn to find good
 in your sorrow and pain,
And to watch for the sunshine
 that follows the rain.

I know that the world
 has a mighty blue tinge
Oftentimes; but, my friend,
 if you just oil the hinge,
Your door will swing open
 and let in the light
That will put all your little
 blue devils to flight.

In all, life is just what we make it,
 you know,
And we reap smiles or sighs
 from the seeds that we sow;
Then the right thing to do
 is to plant seeds of joy,
And to smile at the heart-breaks
 that try to destroy.



I'M WISHING YOU WERE HERE.

In th' morning, in th' evening,
In th' middle o' th' day—
It doesn't seem to matter much—
For whenever you're away,
I'm a-thinking, an' a-fretting,
An' a-sighing for you, dear,
An' my heart it just keeps aching,
For I'm wishing you were here.

Every minute you're not with me,
I can't seem to understand
Th' reason you're not near to me,
Just a-holding o' my hand;
An' th' world grows terrible dreary—
Loses all its warmth an' cheer;
It's a-cause I'm mighty lonesome,
For I'm wishing you were here.

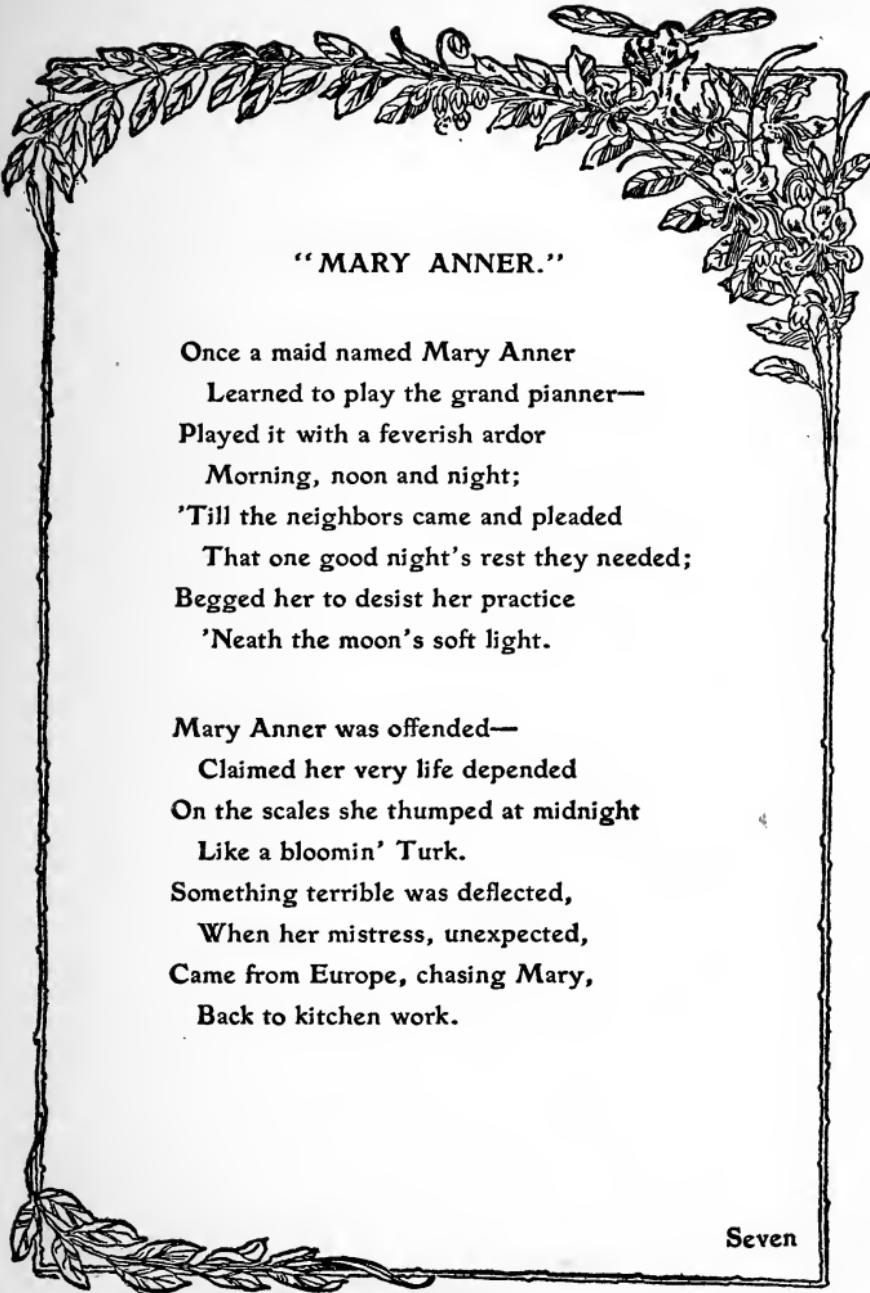


THE ROSE OF LOVE.

She gave me a rose; the rose was red,
As red as her lips divine;
She gave me her love with the rose, she said,
And vowed 'twould live when the rose was dead.
I took what I thought was mine.

The rose soon died; I placed away
Its leaves in an old-rose jar.
The love that she said was mine for aye,
I hid in my heart, so that Time's decay
Would never its beauty mar.

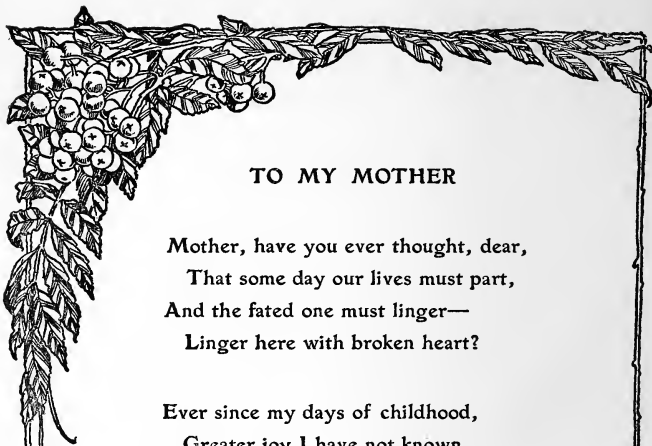
The years sped on; the rose, in its grave,
Lived on in a fragrant death.
But naught remained of the love she gave
When the rose was red. No, nothing, save
A mem'ry—an old-rose breath.



"MARY ANNER."

Once a maid named Mary Anner
Learned to play the grand pianner—
Played it with a feverish ardor
Morning, noon and night;
'Till the neighbors came and pleaded
That one good night's rest they needed;
Begged her to desist her practice
'Neath the moon's soft light.

Mary Anner was offended—
Claimed her very life depended
On the scales she thumped at midnight
Like a bloomin' Turk.
Something terrible was deflected,
When her mistress, unexpected,
Came from Europe, chasing Mary,
Back to kitchen work.



TO MY MOTHER

Mother, have you ever thought, dear,
That some day our lives must part,
And the fated one must linger—
Linger here with broken heart?

Ever since my days of childhood,
Greater joy I have not known,
Than to hear you say you love me,
Claiming me for all your own.

Love like ours will live forever,
Nurtured by the hand of time;
So we'll pray that God may bless it—
This sweet love of yours and mine.

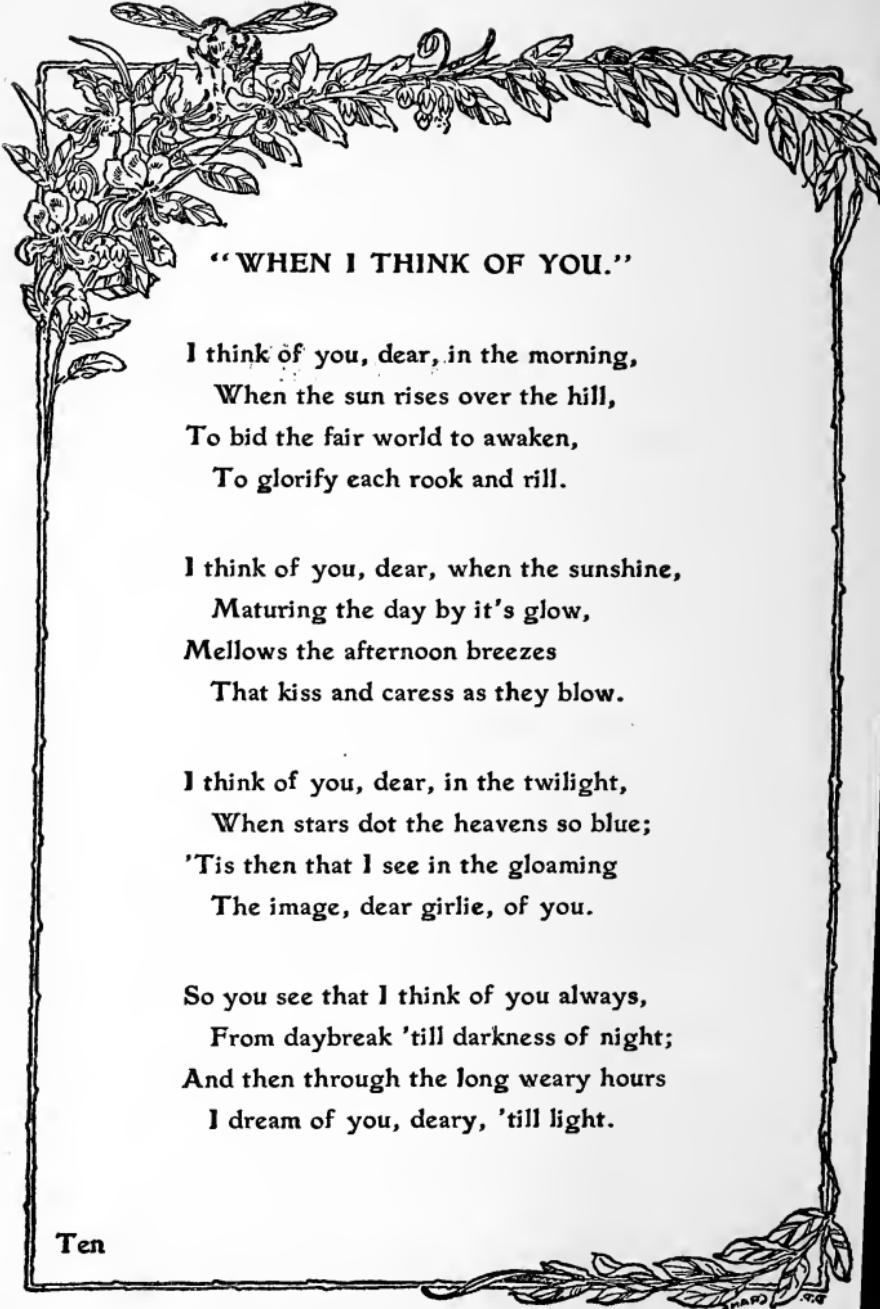




THE SILENT VOICE.

The voice I used to love so well
Is silent, still, for aye;
No more my woes will it dispel,
Nor all my boyish angers quell—
My strength of yesterday.

Ah, daddy mine—a lad's best friend—
E'en though you've gone from me,
I'll hear your voice at every bend
Of Life's long road, until the end
Of God's Eternity.



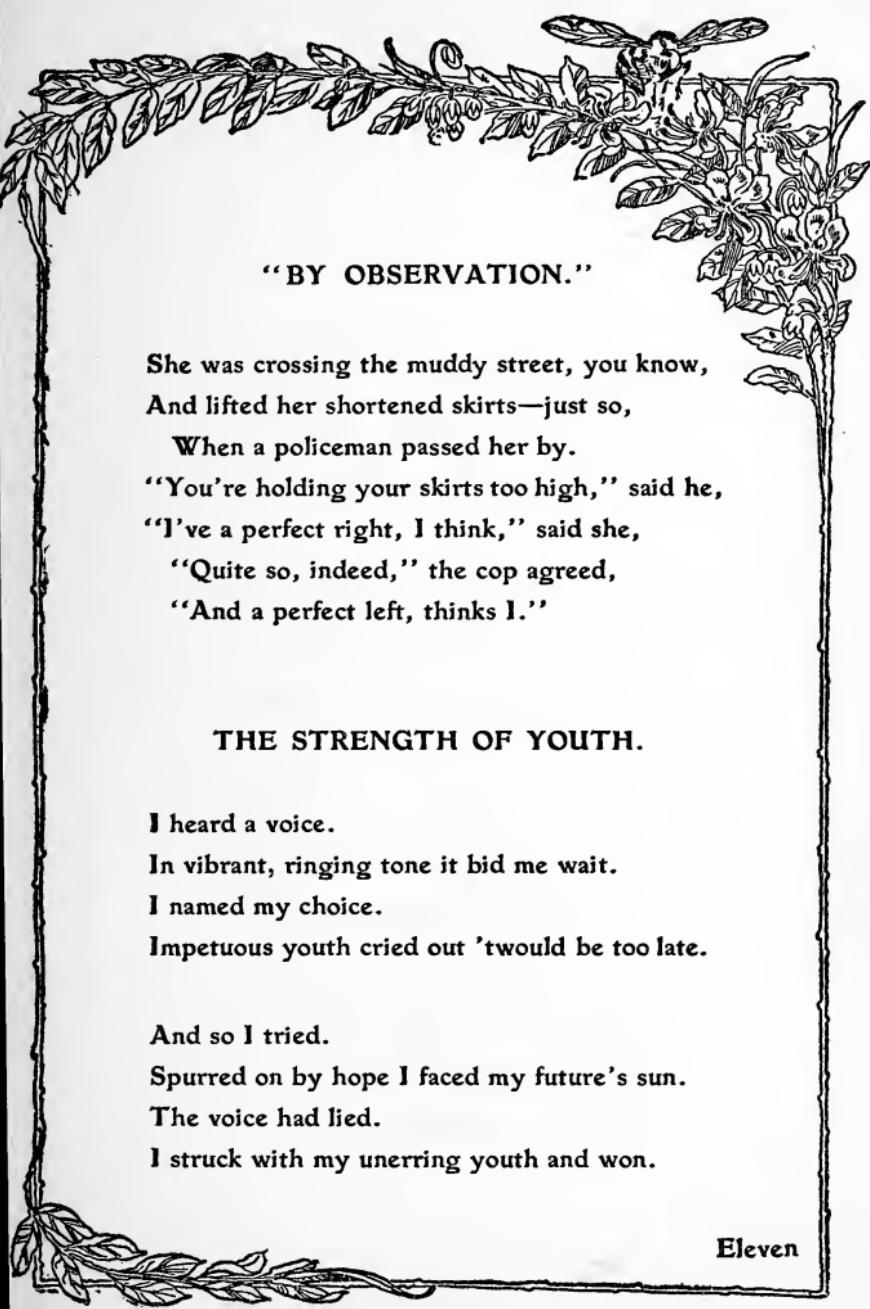
"WHEN I THINK OF YOU."

I think of you, dear, in the morning,
When the sun rises over the hill,
To bid the fair world to awaken,
To glorify each rook and rill.

I think of you, dear, when the sunshine,
Maturing the day by it's glow,
Mellows the afternoon breezes
That kiss and caress as they blow.

I think of you, dear, in the twilight,
When stars dot the heavens so blue;
'Tis then that I see in the gloaming
The image, dear girlie, of you.

So you see that I think of you always,
From daybreak 'till darkness of night;
And then through the long weary hours
I dream of you, deary, 'till light.



"BY OBSERVATION."

She was crossing the muddy street, you know,
And lifted her shortened skirts—just so,
When a policeman passed her by.
"You're holding your skirts too high," said he,
"I've a perfect right, I think," said she,
"Quite so, indeed," the cop agreed,
"And a perfect left, thinks I."

THE STRENGTH OF YOUTH.

I heard a voice.
In vibrant, ringing tone it bid me wait.
I named my choice.
Impetuous youth cried out 'twould be too late.

And so I tried.
Spurred on by hope I faced my future's sun.
The voice had lied.
I struck with my unerring youth and won.

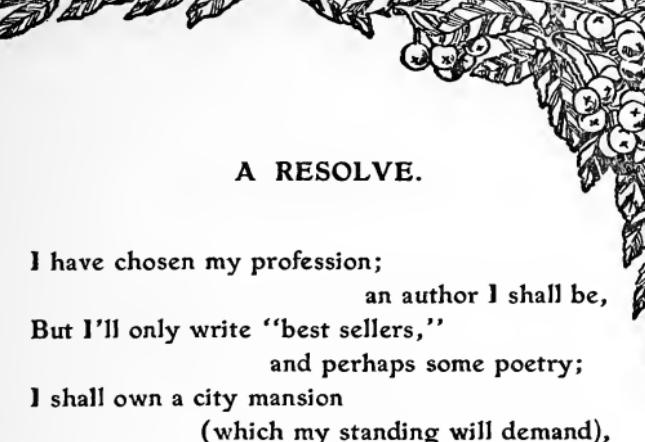


THE AWAKENING.

I thought she loved.
In happy mood I sighed away the years,
Contented and forgetful of the tears
That come with too much waiting.

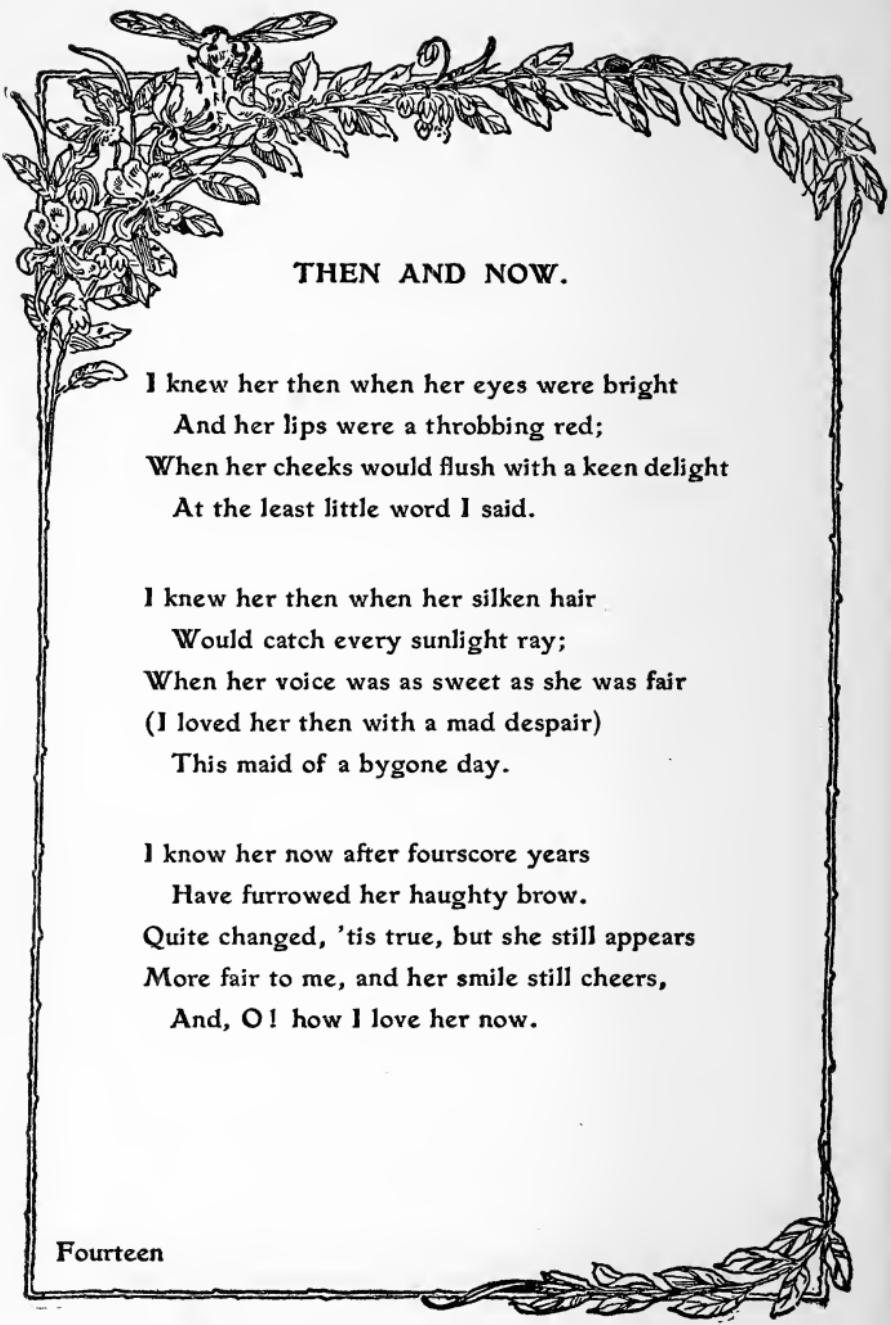
I thought she loved.
And so I watched, with brave expectancy,
And waited for the years to bring to me
The wealth I thought was owing.

I thought she loved.
Oh, barren dream! I might have known
Her throbbing, girlish heart had grown
Quite cold from too much waiting.



A RESOLVE.

I have chosen my profession;
an author I shall be,
But I'll only write "best sellers,"
and perhaps some poetry;
I shall own a city mansion
(which my standing will demand),
And an inspiration villa
in some far romantic land.

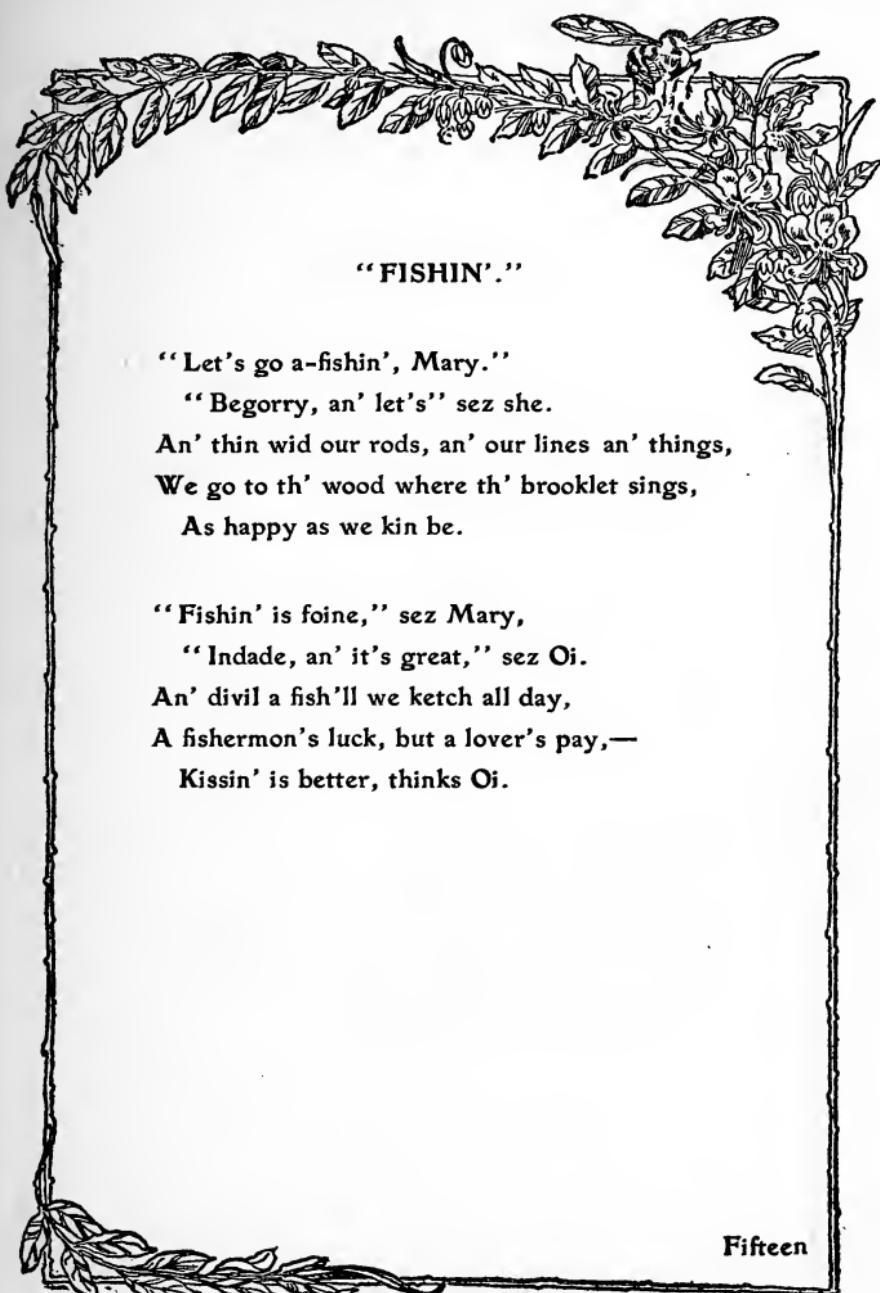


THEN AND NOW.

I knew her then when her eyes were bright
And her lips were a throbbing red;
When her cheeks would flush with a keen delight
At the least little word I said.

I knew her then when her silken hair
Would catch every sunlight ray;
When her voice was as sweet as she was fair
(I loved her then with a mad despair)
This maid of a bygone day.

I know her now after fourscore years
Have furrowed her haughty brow.
Quite changed, 'tis true, but she still appears
More fair to me, and her smile still cheers,
And, O! how I love her now.



“FISHIN’.”

“Let’s go a-fishin’, Mary.”

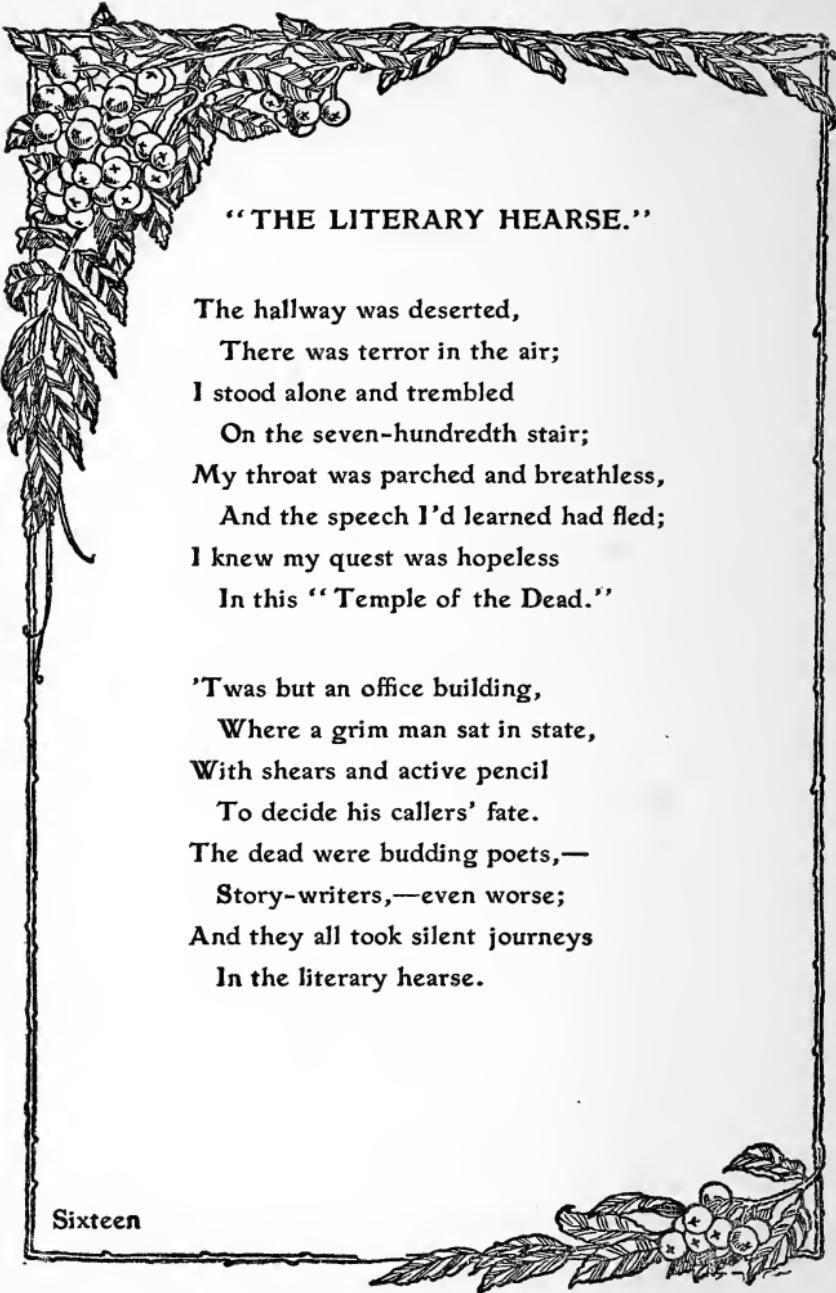
“Begorry, an’ let’s” sez she.

An’ thin wid our rods, an’ our lines an’ things,
We go to th’ wood where th’ brooklet sings,
As happy as we kin be.

“Fishin’ is foine,” sez Mary,

“Indade, an’ it’s great,” sez Oi.

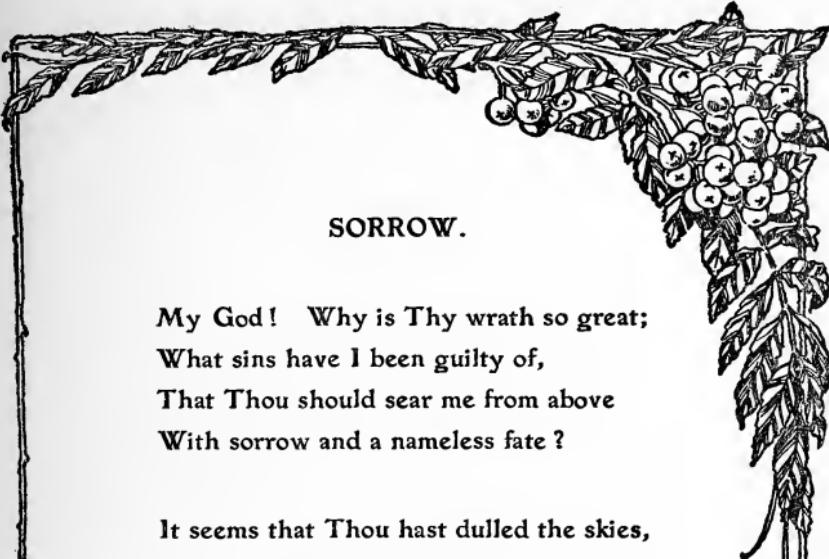
An’ divil a fish’ll we ketch all day,
A fishermon’s luck, but a lover’s pay,—
Kissin’ is better, thinks Oi.



“THE LITERARY HEARSE.”

The hallway was deserted,
There was terror in the air;
I stood alone and trembled
On the seven-hundredth stair;
My throat was parched and breathless,
And the speech I'd learned had fled;
I knew my quest was hopeless
In this “Temple of the Dead.”

'Twas but an office building,
Where a grim man sat in state,
With shears and active pencil
To decide his callers' fate.
The dead were budding poets,—
Story-writers,—even worse;
And they all took silent journeys
In the literary hearse.

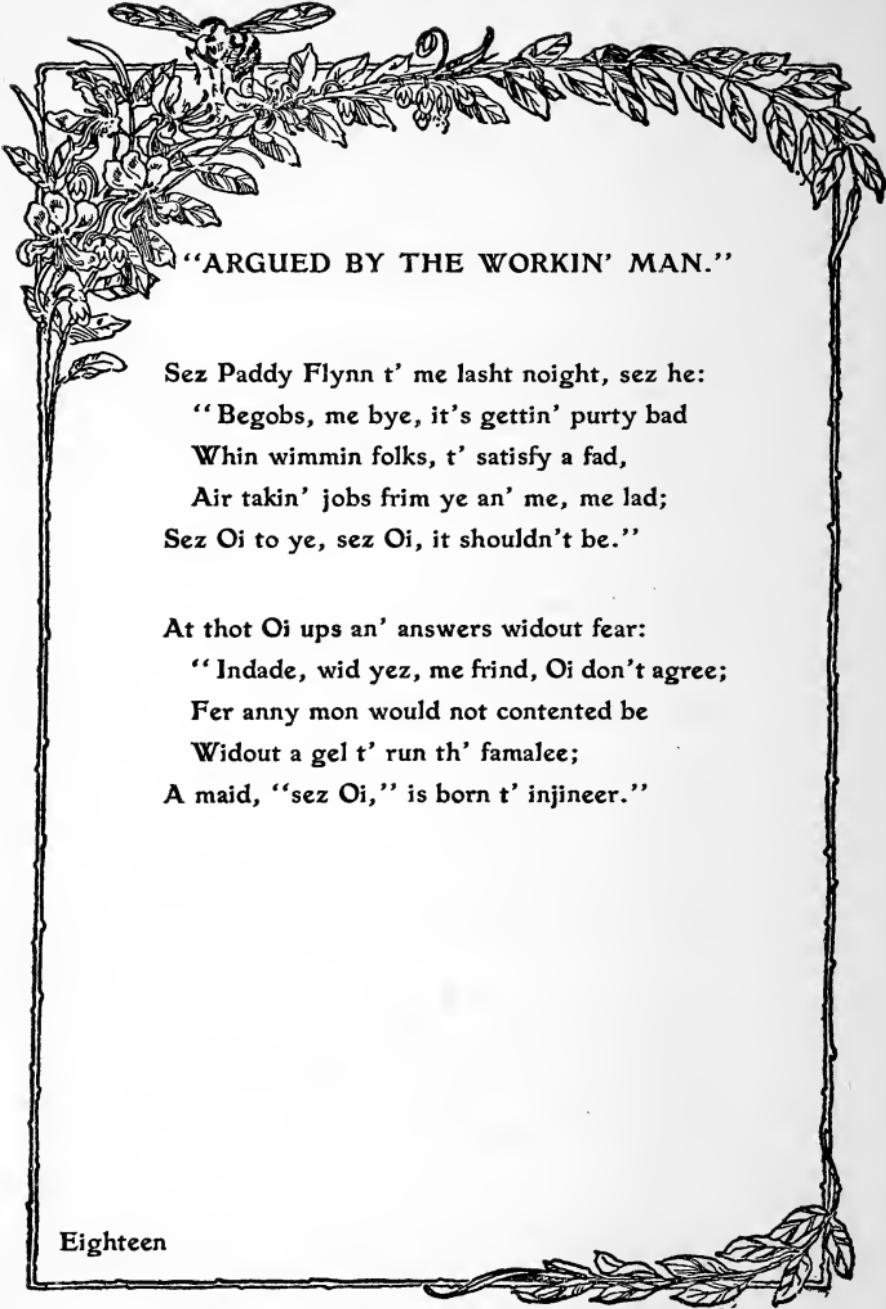


SORROW.

My God! Why is Thy wrath so great;
What sins have I been guilty of,
That Thou should sear me from above
With sorrow and a nameless fate?

It seems that Thou hast dulled the skies,
And snatched the stars from out my sight;
E'en though I crave for heavenly light
A lasting night my prayer defies.

O Lord, my life is naught to me,
My very heart is bleeding, torn,
If love unanswered were unborn
I would not know its misery.



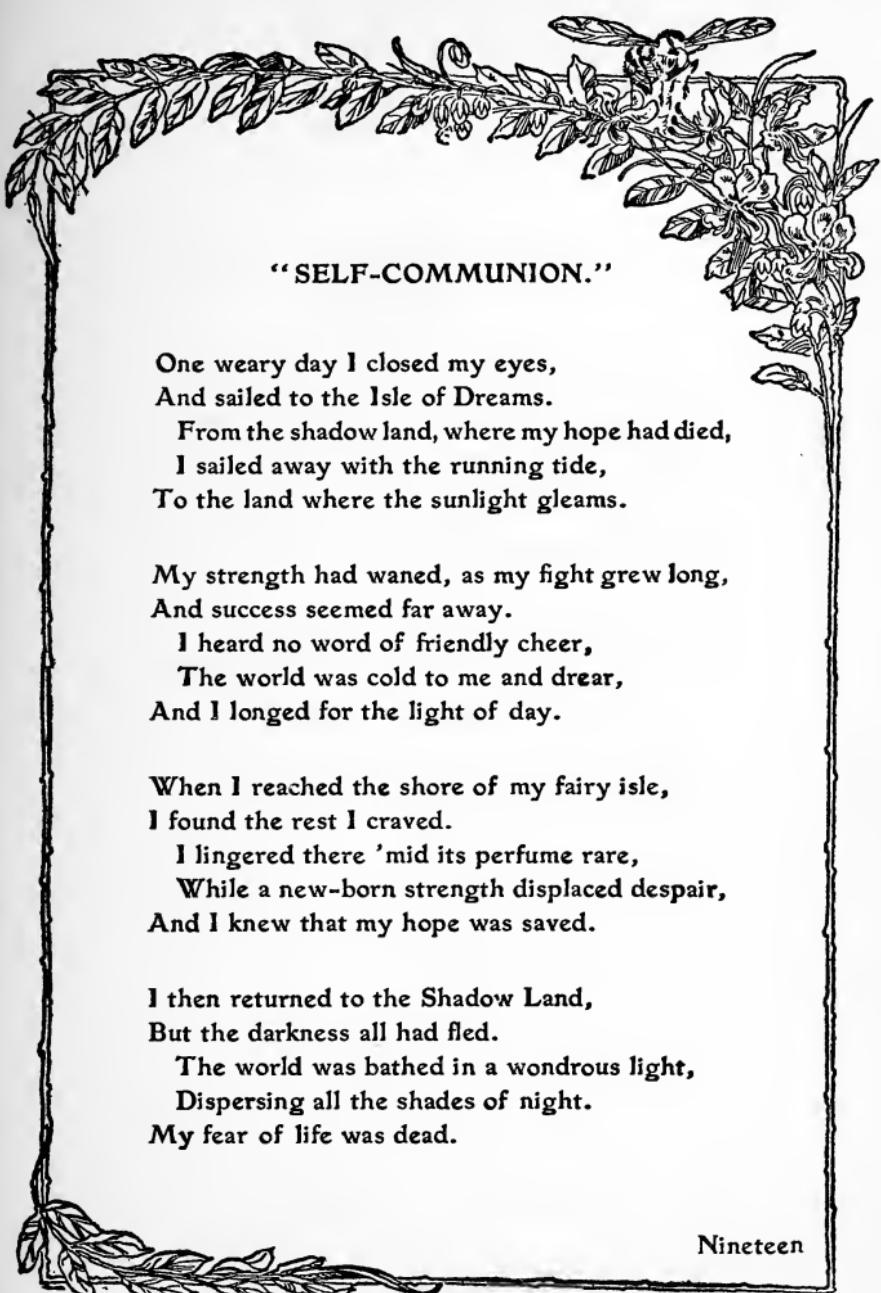
“ARGUED BY THE WORKIN’ MAN.”

Sez Paddy Flynn t’ me lasht noight, sez he:

“Begobs, me bye, it’s gettin’ purty bad
Whin wimmin folks, t’ satisfy a fad,
Air takin’ jobs frim ye an’ me, me lad;
Sez Oi to ye, sez Oi, it shouldn’t be.”

At thot Oi ups an’ answers widout fear:

“Indade, wid yez, me frind, Oi don’t agree;
Fer anny mon would not contented be
Widout a gel t’ run th’ famalee;
A maid, “sez Oi,” is born t’ injineer.”



“SELF-COMMUNION.”

One weary day I closed my eyes,
And sailed to the Isle of Dreams.

From the shadow land, where my hope had died,
I sailed away with the running tide,
To the land where the sunlight gleams.

My strength had waned, as my fight grew long,
And success seemed far away.

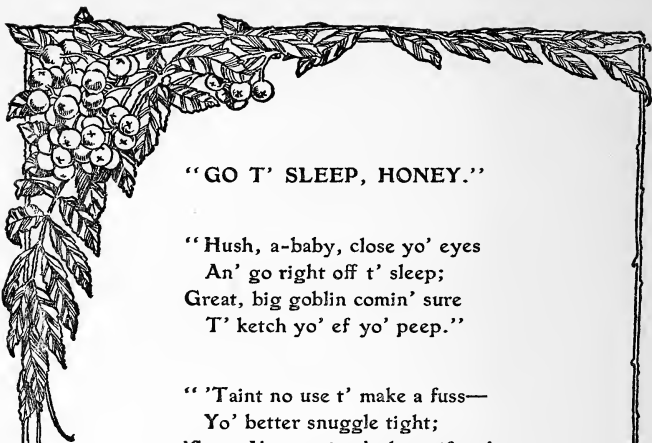
I heard no word of friendly cheer,
The world was cold to me and drear,
And I longed for the light of day.

When I reached the shore of my fairy isle,
I found the rest I craved.

I lingered there 'mid its perfume rare,
While a new-born strength displaced despair,
And I knew that my hope was saved.

I then returned to the Shadow Land,
But the darkness all had fled.

The world was bathed in a wondrous light,
Dispersing all the shades of night.
My fear of life was dead.



“GO T’ SLEEP, HONEY.”

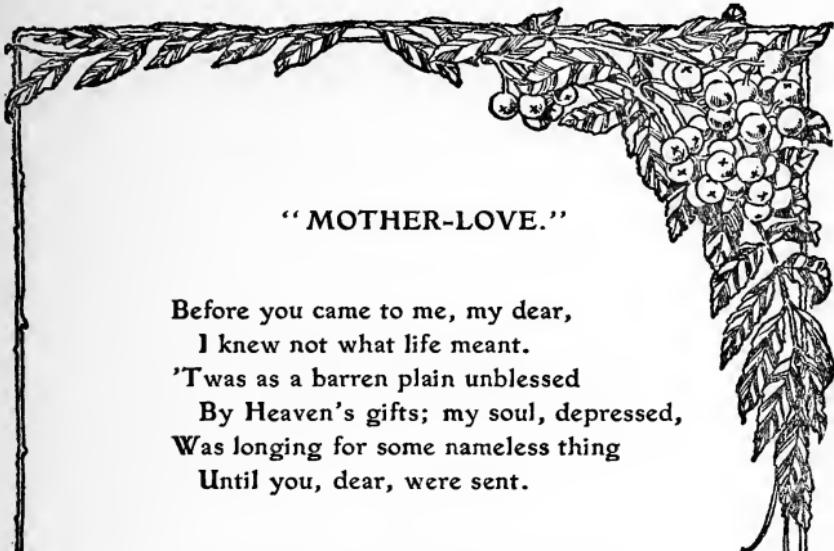
“Hush, a-baby, close yo’ eyes
An’ go right off t’ sleep;
Great, big goblin comin’ sure
T’ ketch yo’ ef yo’ peep.”

“’Taint no use t’ make a fuss—
Yo’ better snuggle tight;
’Spect I’se gwain t’ play wif yo’
All day an’ half de night?”

“Ebenin’s growin’ mighty late.
De birds am gone t’ nest;
Eb’ry thing wif eyes t’ close
Hab shut ’em tight in rest.”

“Mammy’s gettin’ tired, too,
Jes’ ’cause de moon’s so bright;
Gwain t’ go t’ bed ma self,—
Good-night, dear chile, good-night.”





“MOTHER-LOVE.”

Before you came to me, my dear,
I knew not what life meant.
'Twas as a barren plain unblessed
By Heaven's gifts; my soul, depressed,
Was longing for some nameless thing
Until you, dear, were sent.

My days were long and dreary, dear,
I craved a love unborn.
The swaying trees and scented flowers
Were naught to me; to mystic bowers
My spirit soared and ever searched
For you, my star of morn.

I pray to god each hour, my dear,
Your sweet soul to uplift;
And ask for life, that I may guard
And keep your happiness unmarred.
This little crib holds all for me—
Dear babe—God's greatest gift.



MY DREAM.

Floating along in the same canoe,
Over life's sea, all alone with you;
Watching the shades of your changing eyes,
Worshipping all that you idolize;
Catching the swift, fleeting beams of light
To illuminate the darksome night,
Lest it should dreary seem.

Plucking the lilies and roses fair
That they might crown your glorious hair;
Chasing the cold of a winter's day,
Making your life an eternal May;
Praying to God, with unceasing love,
To guide your steps from Heaven above—
This is my sweetest dream.



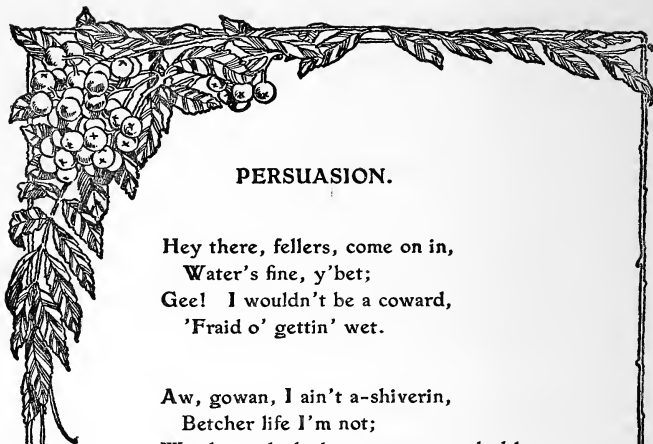
MY STAR.

One summer night, while I wandered alone,
Near the bank of a gliding stream,
I caught a star, as it slid to the earth
On the shaft of a late sunbeam.

With tender care then I carried it off,
O'er my life's rocky winding road;
And marveled much at its wondrous light,
As it lifted my sorrow's load.

My days grew brighter, my nights were less
drear,
All the world seemed enriched by love;
The trials of life that had burdened my soul
Were all lost in the clouds above.

The years rolled by, and I lived in content
For my heart greater joy ne'er sought;
The star that brightened my life was naught else
But a simple, unselfish thought.



PERSUASION.

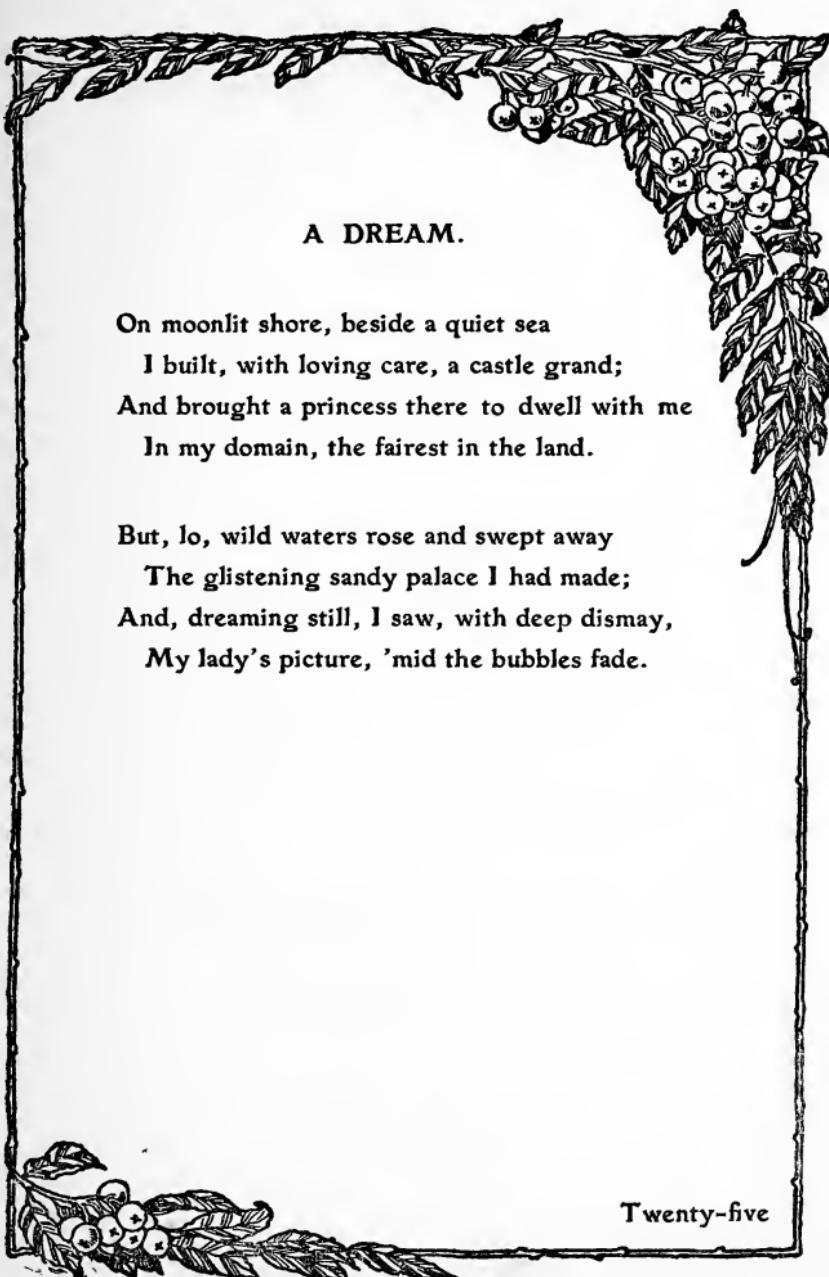
Hey there, fellers, come on in,
Water's fine, y'bet;
Gee! I wouldn't be a coward,
'Fraid o' gettin' wet.

Aw, gowan, I ain't a-shiverin,
Betcher life I'm not;
Watch me duck, here goes, ca-splash!
Oof! It's a-l-m-o-s-t h-o-t.

Go and look for Deacon Brown,
An' tell him where I've been;
Let 'im holler, I don't care,
Swimmin' ain't no sin.

Aw, come on, kids, what's the odds,
Folks won't know t'hum:
That's the ticket, wade in slow,
Gee! I know'd y'd come.





A DREAM.

On moonlit shore, beside a quiet sea
I built, with loving care, a castle grand;
And brought a princess there to dwell with me
In my domain, the fairest in the land.

But, lo, wild waters rose and swept away
The glistening sandy palace I had made;
And, dreaming still, I saw, with deep dismay,
My lady's picture, 'mid the bubbles fade.



SUCCESS.

Success is not an infant born today.

More often, in our lives it comes when age
Has left the mind a dull and barren page;
But having it, we chide not its delay.

The little things we thought of small account
When youth was ours; in deep forgetfulness
Grow strong with time, and make for our
success,
Which deeply drinks at Youth's Eternal Fount.



LEARN TO SMILE BY THE WAY.

A man with a frown and a man with a smile
Once met on Life's Road at the old turning stile.

"You seem unconcerned," said the first
with a sneer,

"For a man who has treacherous pitfalls to fear.
I've worried along 'til I'm worn and grey."

And the other said,
"You should have smiled by the way."

"I've had many troubles, my heart has been bled;
The joys that were mine
are now withered and dead.

I'm treading this path not from fancy, my friend,
But because not far off is the
long-wished-for-end.

I've seen aught but darkness,
no dawning of day."

And the other said,
"You should have smiled by the way."

"I know what it means,"
said the man with the smile,

To have my heart wrung every cruel, weary mile.
My life has meant suffering,

my way has been long,
But still I have not grown deaf to Hope's song.

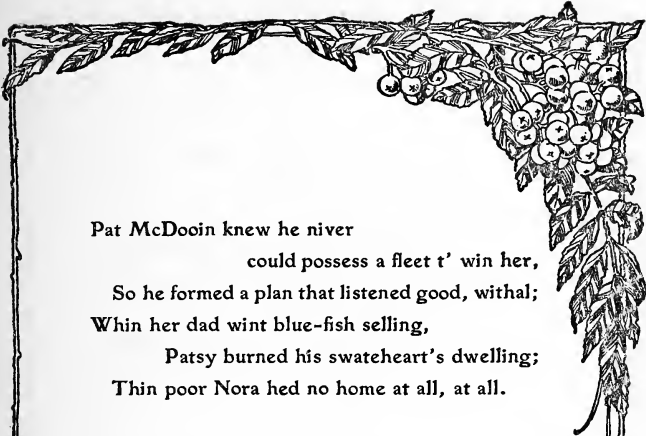
And every drear winter to me has been May,
Because I have learned to smile by the way."



MORE WAYS THAN ONE

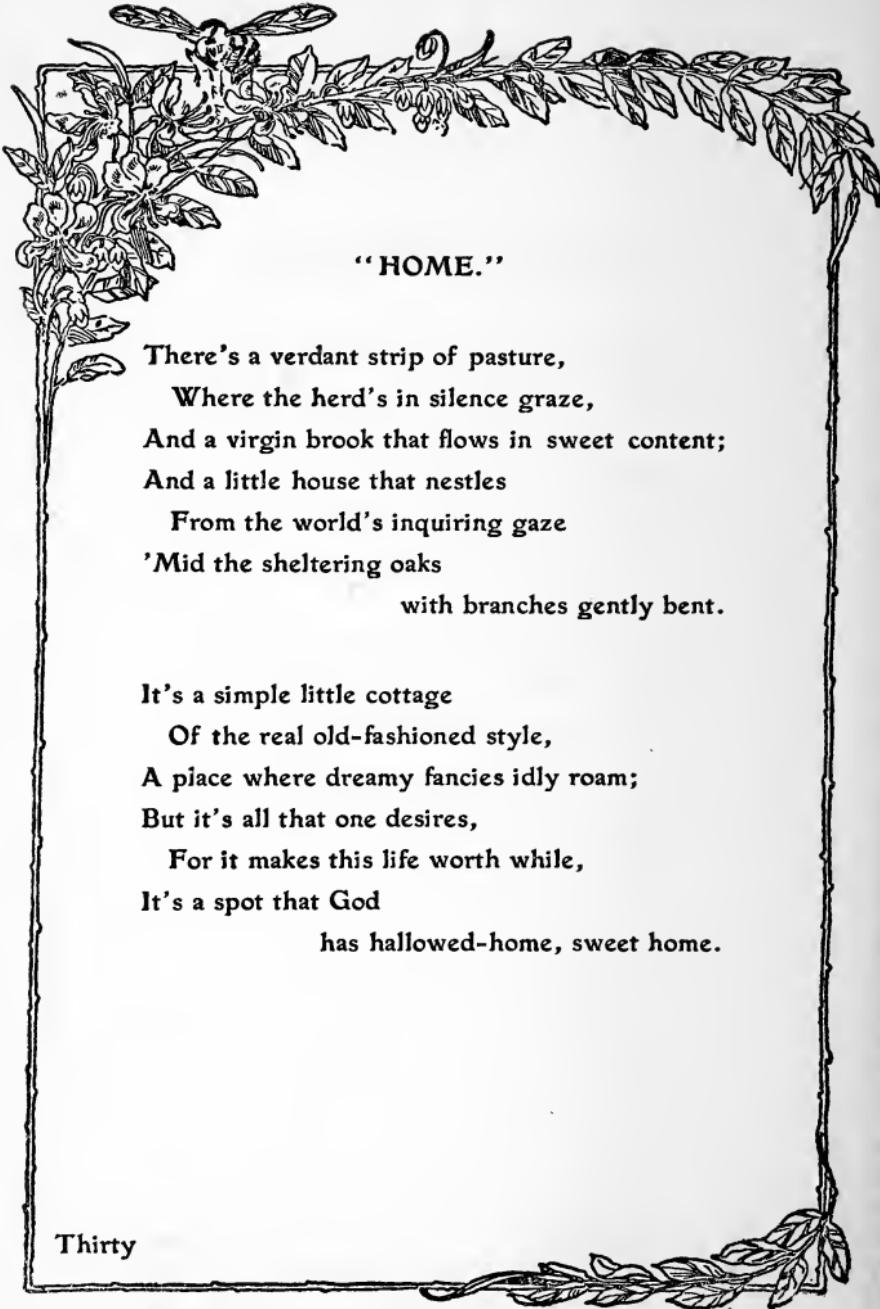
Pat McDooiin was a sailor
whin he met swate Nora Naylor;
It was thin he lost his head an' heart complete
But th' maiden wouldn't listen;
said she niver would be his'n
'Til he owned a rig'ler Trans-Atlantic fleet.

"Phat's th' use o' gittin' married?
I'd hev more fer havin' tarried,
Sure, th' home Oi live in now is good enough "
That's phat Nora towld her lover;
thin he vowed by all above her
That he'd hustle oop an' call her little bluff.



Pat McDooïn knew he niver
could possess a fleet t' win her,
So he formed a plan that listened good, withal;
Whin her dad wint blue-fish selling,
Patsy burned his swateheart's dwelling;
Thin poor Nora hed no home at all, at all.

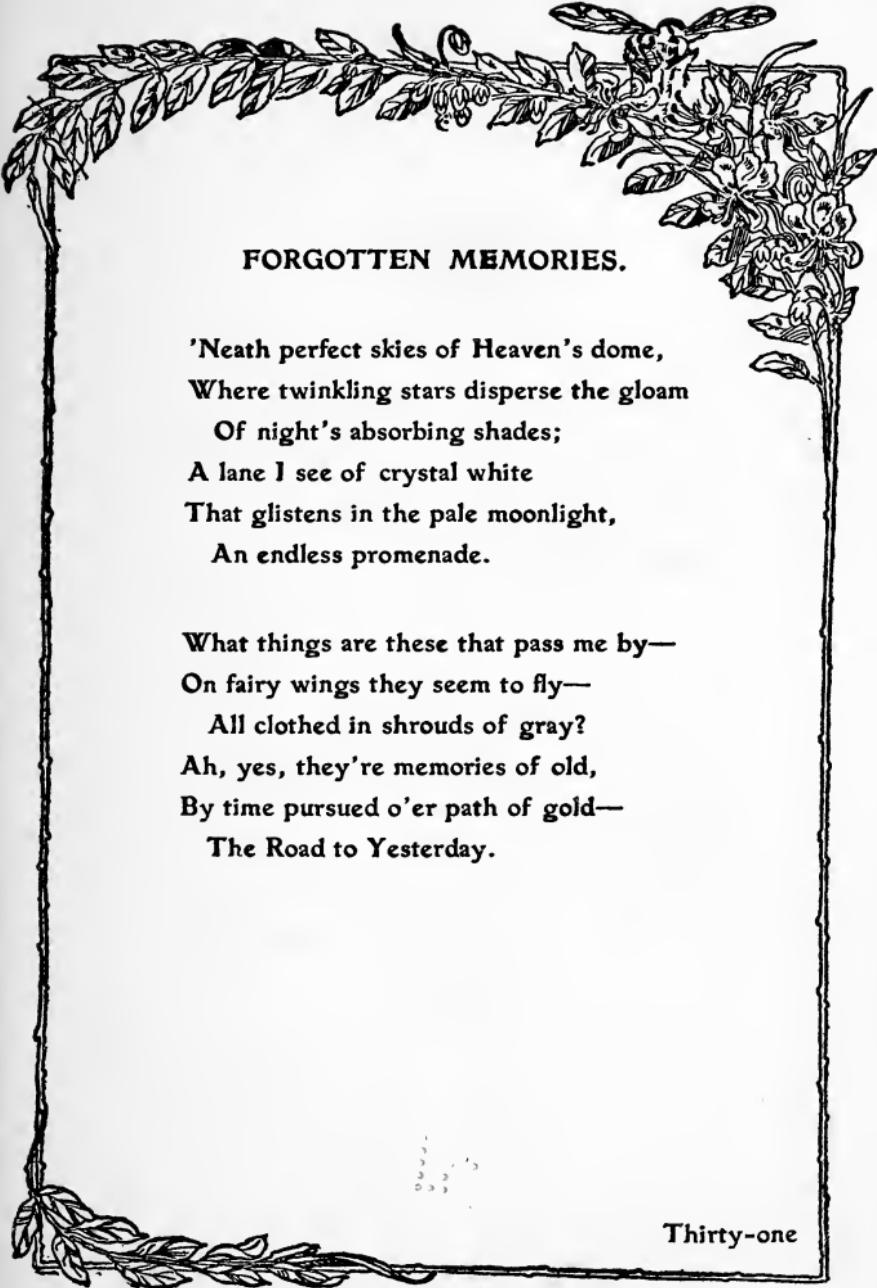
Thin th' foxy Pat McDooïn
wid a vim pursued his wooïn'.
"You hed besht," sez he,
"fergit about th' fleet."
"Sure," sez Nora, "Oi must give in,
fer Oi hev no place t' live in."
So she moved t' Patsy's shanty oop th' street.



“HOME.”

There's a verdant strip of pasture,
Where the herd's in silence graze,
And a virgin brook that flows in sweet content;
And a little house that nestles
From the world's inquiring gaze
'Mid the sheltering oaks
with branches gently bent.

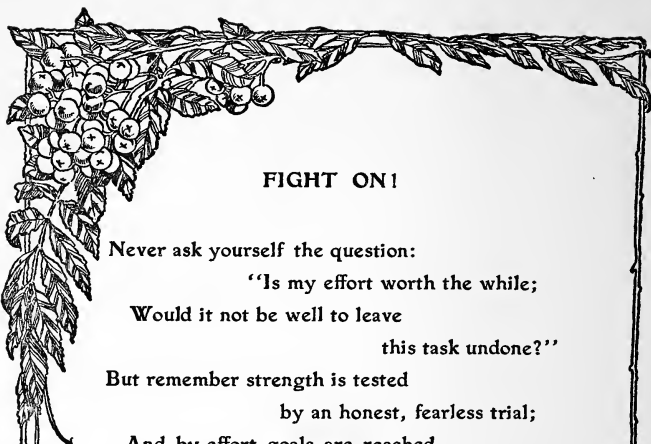
It's a simple little cottage
Of the real old-fashioned style,
A place where dreamy fancies idly roam;
But it's all that one desires,
For it makes this life worth while,
It's a spot that God
has hallowed-home, sweet home.



FORGOTTEN MEMORIES.

'Neath perfect skies of Heaven's dome,
Where twinkling stars disperse the gloam
Of night's absorbing shades;
A lane I see of crystal white
That glistens in the pale moonlight,
An endless promenade.

What things are these that pass me by—
On fairy wings they seem to fly—
All clothed in shrouds of gray?
Ah, yes, they're memories of old,
By time pursued o'er path of gold—
The Road to Yesterday.



FIGHT ON!

Never ask yourself the question:

“Is my effort worth the while;

Would it not be well to leave

this task undone?”

But remember strength is tested

by an honest, fearless trial;

And by effort goals are reached

and battles won.

TO YOU.

Here is a thought and a wish sincere

And a prayer for you, lady mine;

A smile for the future, a sigh for the past—

A toast just for Auld Lang Syne.







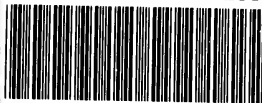


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